THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW."

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Original Poetry.

WINTER.

Stern winter comes forth with his regal train,
From his palace of ice, in the polar main,
All shrouded in vapor and hoary dew,
Glist'ning o'er his grim face of death-like hue,
And his white-frozen beard; and smoky breath
Melts the rim into icicles underneath,—
That rustling fall from his coat of mail,
As he travels abroad amidst snow and hail;
He stands like a giant between us and the sun,
In this wonderful era of sixty-one.

Hark! hear how his breathing roars far and loud,
Uprooting the forest, and rending the cloud;
The houses unroofing, the spires blowing down,
And spreading destruction thro' country and town.
The cloud-capp'd summit bows down at his call,
And in avalanche homage it lets its cap fall;
And the merciless sea, his honor to greet,
Lays the wreck of the mariner's home at his feet.
Oh! who can tell truly, ere his mad race is run,
What tricks he may play in strange sixty-one.

The earth has thrown off her mantle of green,
And shrunk 'neath the pall of the ghostly scene;
And the bloom of its vesture lies withered and dead,
As the footsteps of winter trail over her head.
Yet, the life-giving hope of spring will return
And raise from the tomb of winter a cold urn.
The flowers and the fruits of old mother earth,
Of all that is needful, of all that is worth;
Tho' sad, and tho' dreary the year that's begun,
'Twill come good for the Saints this same sixty-one.

Yet, winter withal, is the best of the seasons;
He comes as he does, for many good reasons;
He kills all the vermin and weeds in the soil,
And saves us from sickness, from blasting and toil;
Dispersing the vapors of fever and death,
And scat'ring disease with his cold, chilly breath.
He teaches frail man, by suffering and terror,
Bright lessons that save him from ruin and error;
Which the righteous will know, ere the year it is done,
What the Lord he will do in strange sixty-one.

LYON.

Selections.

WILLIE'S LOVE.

BY MARY FORMAN.

"Why don't you marry?" said Mrs. Harcourt to her brother-in-law, after hearing patiently a long string of complaints traceable to his bachelor condition. She was leaning back indolently in her chair, and started at the bitter scorn in her companion's looks and tone as he answered her.

"Marry! are you mocking me, Hannah? Who would marry me?"

He rose as he spoke, and the movement gave a fearful emphasis to his words. His face, divested of its sorrowful look, was beautiful, not handsome in the poetical idea of manly beauty, but lovely as woman's. Clustering curls of light hair fell over a high white forehead, and large blue eyes, full of intelligence, were shaded by long, thick lashes, darker than the curling hair. The features were chiselled like those of a Greek statue, the straight nose, full lips, and delicate chin were almost childlike in their soft outlines; but glancing from the face to the figure, you understood the cause of the bitter question he asked. From the effects of a fall when quite young, the spine was injured, and the figure Nature had intended to be slight and graceful was twisted and deformed most fearfully; one knee, too, was injured by the same fall, and his gait was slow and halting. Yet, spite of his deformity, Dr. Harcourt was in full practice as a physician, and universally beloved. His patients declared that his small white hand brought healing in its touch; his brother physicians spoke highly of his knowledge and skill, and little suffering children stretched out their arms to be taken into his, hushing their cries when his soft, musical voice met their ears, or his gentle, pitying face bent over them.

For a moment Mrs. Harcourt was silent, then she stretched forth her hand, saying: "I did not mean to pain you, Willie; I love you so dearly, and see you so universally beloved, that I spoke only as I felt. Willie, dear, you are too sensitive. With such a heart and mind as you can offer, any woman might be proud to call you husband."

The soft melancholy that was habitual to the Doctor's face crept over it as his sister spoke; but he shook his head sadly as she ceased.

"No woman shall have her life embittered by the care of such a poor cripple as I am, Hannah. I can bear my sorrow alone. One o'clock. Where can Harry be?"

"Here!" said Mr. Harcourt, entering the room at that instant. You should not have waited for me, Hannah." And he tossed down a heavy valise, and proceeded to take off his overcoat. "The cars were detained by the snow storm."

"Come and eat your supper," said his wife, after embracing him warmly. "I sat up to see that you had it hot and nice. "Come, Willis, you will join us?"

"Not to-night. Good night!" And the Doctor went out of the parlor.

At the foot of the stairs his brother joined him. One could scarcely imagine a stronger contrast than the brothers. Willie stunted, thin, pale, and deformed; Harry tall, broad-shouldered, hearty, and strong. Gently as a woman, Harry said: "You forget that I have come home, Willie!" And he lifted his brother's slight form in his strong arms, and carried him up the stairway. It was an old custom in the house, for the many stairs the Doctor had to mount in his professional duties tired him sadly, and made this last one at night positively painful. Willie was accustomed to this carriage to his bedroom, yet that night, after he received his brother's good-night kiss, he fastened his door, and, bowing his head on his hands, he sobbed as a man sobs only in his extremest agony.

Bitter thoughts were usurping the place of his usual patient resignation, and murmurs that of the prayer he was wont to use at that hour. His sister-in-law's words unsealed a fountain of bitter ess in his heart which he had tried in vain to close. His thoughts ran something after this fashion: "Marry! How could I ever dream of love with this crippled form, these trembling limbs, and poor, pale face! But I do love! love with all the bitter agony of despair! She is so bright, so full of life; and I have even thought she returned—fool! fool! that took pity for love! Pity! it is only pity that makes her voice low and her eyes dim for me; it is pity that checks her dancing step and merry laugh for me! She pities me, and I—I love her, love her with all the wealth of a man's whole heart, touched for the first time!"

Two o'clock, three, four struck, and still the passing hours found the Doctor in the same attitude, crouched down in his large chair, his face buried in his hands, communing with his own heart. Morning's dawn still found him in the chair, but the faint light fell upon his upturned face, closed eyes, and motionless form. The agony of trial was over; his resolve taken, and he slept. He awoke calm and strong in his resolution to conquer his mad love, or, failing in that, to bury it silently, deeply in the most secret recesses of his heart.

The same sun that shone on the pure, placid face of the sleeping cripple looked in at another window, upon a different scene—Miss Meta Leslie's bedroom. Miss Meta, though a belle and an heiress, was no sluggard, and the first rays of the sun on that bright winter's morning drove sleep from her eyes, and she sprang out of bed to look at the soft, white mantle of snow which had fallen during the night. She was by no means an unsightly object for the sun to fall upon. The tiny bare feet that sank into the rich carpet were white as the snow outside, and the little figure in its white night-dress was graceful and well rounded. The face was fair, with laughing hazel eyes, bright rosy cheeks, and pretty features; and the tangled masses of brown curls that fell around it and swept over the fair, rounded shoulders were rich in color and most profuse in their wavy luxuriance. Miss Meta had a trick of talking to herself in a low, pleasant voice, and, as she stood there, she said, softly:—

"How white and pure it looks! I like snow. I wonder if mother will let me go out to-night. She is so afraid I will take cold. It is so funny for her to worry so, when I am never sick; I suppose it's because poor sister Mary died of consumption. O how cold it is!" And, having arrived at this conclusion, Miss Meta turned away from the window, and proceeded to dress for breakfast.

She was a saucy, coquettish little beauty, this heroine of mine, and had admirers in great quantities, for she was not only gay, bewitching, and beautiful, but the only living child of a wealthy father. Her conquests in society, far from making her proud or vain, seemed forgotten the instant her foot crossed her own threshold, and her pleasant laugh, gay songs, and bright face were truly the lights of that stately house.

Her mother was an invalid; not so dangerously ill as to alarm her husband and child, but suffering from a chronic complaint that kept her in her own room years in and out, so this pretty little sunbeam was the housekeeper. The servants followed her little figure with their eyes as it flitted to and fro in the big house, and whispered Irish blessings upon her head for a "whole-souled rale lady, as she was."

It was not in the gay circles where she reigned as a belle that Dr. Harcourt learned to love Meta Leslie; it was in the pretty, cheerful room where her gentle, suffering mother claimed his professional care. Day after day he found her there, making her mother's life bright, in defiance of pain, by loving, gentle care, and joyous, happy conversation. An hour would often fly by unheeded by Willie as he sat beside the invalid's couch, and listened to the sweet voice that made such music to his heart. He did not know, but he guessed whose gentle pity placed the low easy chair ready for his poor crippled form, and the inmost core of his heart thrilled to the low voice that greeted him and the touch of the soft hand that led him to his seat.

It was the morning of the bright winter's day after the night of struggle, and Meta sat beside her mother, waiting for the Doctor's visit. Her bright crimson morning dress suited well her glowing beauty, and the little hands rivalled in whiteness the soft wool they were knitting into pretty shapes. The Doctor's chair stood ready for him; but the long morning passed, and he did not come.

Late in the afternoon, he called, staying only long enough to attend his patient, and then, for the first time, declining his seat, bowed, and left the room. Weeks passed, and still these short, hurried visits were all that he paid; but the task told fearfully upon him. The pale cheek grew paler, and the large eyes sadder; the halting step became slower, and the bent form drooped more and more. One day he did not come; a friend took his place. "Dr. Harcourt," he said, "was ill, and had requested him to call."

The strange doctor had taken his leave, and Mrs. Leslie lay still, musing, when Meta came softly to her side.

"Mother!"—there was a world of sadness in her once laughing voice, and Mrs. Leslie noticed that her cheek was very pale—"I am going to see Mrs. Harcourt. I—I want to inquire if the Doctor is very ill. Oh, mother, mother!" The hot tears were streaming down the young girl's face.

"Why, Meta! Meta, dear, what ails you?"

"I was always afraid," sobbed Meta, "I was always afraid he would die, he is so good, so learned, so much above other men. He has grown so pallid lately, and his face is so sad. Oh, mother, what shall I do if he dies?"

Mrs. Leslie was utterly amazed. She saw now how pure her daughter's love was for this young cripple—like that of a child for a teacher, looking with worship almost upon the wisdom and goodness of one far above her, and never dreaming that her own gay, joyous nature could attract one so calm and good. The mother was troubled. The Doctor was a cripple and poor in worldly goods, and then he had given no token of love, spoken no word to her or the little sobbing beauty beside her indicative of preference for her above other women. Finally, like a wise woman, she concluded to test the passion tenderly, and trust to time for its cure.

"You may go, certainly, Meta," she said. "Give my regards to Mr. Harcourt, and ask if there is anything I can do to be of use."

Again the bright sunlight streamed into the chamber of the young physician. The cheek that lay upon the snowy pillows of the bed mocked their whiteness, and the little thin hand seemed almost transparent in the bright light. The Doctor's eyes were closed, but he did not sleep. Light steps crossed the room, and he heard his sister's voice—

"Come in, Meta, he is asleep!"

Meta! His heart gave a hearty throb, but he lay still; then the low voice he loved fell upon his ear.

"How pale he is!"

"Yes, very pale. I hope this is only weakness. As spring opens, I hope the warm weather will give him strength."

"God grant it!" There was earnest fervor in the tones.

"Stay here a minute, Meta, till I send Kitty for some medicine I shall want to-night."

They were alone together. The voice he loved grew trembling in its own emotion as she whispered—

"So pale! O God, spare his life! How can I live if he dies!"

"Meta!"

She did not start, only bent over him.

"I am here!"

"Meta, love! My Meta. Oh, Meta, can you love me, me stunted, crippled"—

"Hush!"

"Can you be my wife, Meta? Think what I am."

"Your wife—I am not worthy. You are so good, so far above me. Your wife! Oh, Willie, only live, and I will prove to you how deeply, how humbly I love you!"

There was not a loud word, only low almost whispered tones, but she bent over him nearer, and kissed his broad white forehead, and the cripple physician knew that for his heart and mind she loved him, and he had found his true wife.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt forms the subject of a fine contribution from the pen of Bayard Taylor, in the *Independent*. We extract a few passages, descriptive of the appearance and manners of the deceased poet:

The servant ushered us, through a diminutive hall, into a little library, on the threshold of which Mr. Hunt met us. The first impression which I received from his presence was that of his thorough gentleness and refinement. He was tall, nearly six feet, but slender, and still perfectly erect, in spite of his 70 years. This was all I could notice in the twilight, but I felt the cordial pressure of a small, warm, delicate hand, as he welcomed me with a manner in which there was something of a fine antique courtesy.

* * * *

While our host was filling the tea-cups, I studied his face in the lamp-light. It was a head which Vandyke should have painted—a fine oval, with a low, placid brow; kind, sweet, serious eyes of bluish gray; a nose rather long, but not prominent; full, delicately-cut, sensitive mouth, and a chin short and retreating, but dimpled in the center; his hair, abundant, and pure silver in its hue, was parted in the middle, and fell in long waves to his shoulders. He was dressed in black, with a collar turned down so as to show more of the throat than is usual in Englishmen. There was something saintly in the mildness, serenity, and perfect refinement of his features, but they wore an expression of habitual cheerfulness and happiness which we never find on the faces of saints. His voice was low and clear, with an exquisitely distinct articulation.

* * * *

In the course of our conversation, some remark about birds led Hunt to take down a volume and read to us the song of a nightingale, as put into words by some Italian author. He read it in a silvery, chirping tone, running over the trills and lingering on the sustained notes in a way which reproduced all the nightingale's song except its passion. His reading of poetry was likewise fine, but characteristic; he never could have chanted Milton with the grand and solemn monotony of Tennyson's voice.

* * * *

Dickens's character of "Harold Skimpole," in "Bleak House," which, by the novelist's confession, was drawn from Leigh Hunt, is a glaring caricature. Placing, himself, very little value upon money, Hunt could not recognize its actual value in the eyes of others. He borrowed as freely as he would have given had the case been reversed, and he was, perhaps, as careless about paying as he would have been about demanding payment. This, of course, was a weakness which we cannot justify; but neither can we justify the wanton and distorted exhibition of it by a brother author. Hunt was also called selfish. All persons of exquisite and delicate taste are necessarily—perhaps unconsciously—selfish in certain ways. Hunt's conduct, however, during his imprisonment, shows that he knew how to endure serious loss for the sake of a principle, and that the baser forms of selfishness had no place in his nature. His kindly philosophy was sincere, and whatever faults he may have had, the example of patience and cheerfulness which he gives us far overbalances them.

The world is full of weeping and wailing authors, and we should be thankful for one who does not swell the utterance of misery—who conceals his tears, and shows us a happy face wherever we meet him.

PUNISHMENTS.

In Switzerland their penalties for crimes and misdemeanors retain the simplicity of the olden time. Printed statute books have yet no place in their judiciary system. They have yet no houses of correction for their own citizens, and say they are not rich enough to support foreign criminals who may fall among them. All who are considered incorrigible are banished, which is well for their own land, but not exactly "doing as they would be done by" for their neighbors. Sometimes the punishment is reversed, and persons are forbidden to leave the country or their own village for a certain number of years. Parents who do not "train their children in the way they should go," are placed upon a stone in a conspicuous place, with a rod in the right hand; and every one who passed by was at liberty to use it on their backs. So late as 1855, a father and mother were obliged to sit on this stone, with a paper fastened to them in front, on which was written, "Duty-forgetting Parents." In 1851, a man who had, with his wife, been guilty of incendiarism, was condemned to solitary confinement eight years. Thinking it unjust and too severe, he ran away to Berne, to complain of his judges. The government of Berne reproved him for slandering his countrymen, and obliged him to stand on a stone in a public place a quarter of an hour with a gag in his mouth, and then to go home. The wife and accomplice was condemned to sit a quarter of an hour on the criminal stone, whilst the bells rang and the accusation was read against her, and to kneel, during Sunday service, in a conspicuous place whilst the sermon was upon the sin of incendiarism; to spend two years in solitary confinement, and the next four years to attend divine service morning and afternoon on Sunday and every other festival day, and not allowed to participate in any of the duties and pleasures of honorable citizens. Often the punishment is merely to be publicly proclaimed "unworthy of respect." Whether it is owing to the nature of the punishment, or to the nature of the people cannot be determined, but the crimes are few, and one can scarcely imagine anything more humiliating than these simple penalties.—*Life and manners in Switzerland.*

ANTECEDENTS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AND GARIBALDI.

The London *Athenæum* says that a bit of romance about Garibaldi may help to explain the hostility of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies to France, and that of the Emperor of the French toward the Liberator of Italy.

The family of Garibaldi, like the family of Bonaparte, is Corsican; and the name of Pozzo di Borgo or of Louis Blanc is evidence with what fiery hate a Corsican may pursue his vendetta against that lucky race. The Dictator's grandfather, Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi, was one of those patriotic Corsicans who gave the crown to Count Von Neuhoff, crowned Theodore the First of Corsica; and being sent by the new king on a message to his mother, Madam Von Neuhoff, who lived at Peddenoh, near Ruggeberg, in the Mark Country (now part of Westphalia), Garibaldi there fell in love with the king's sister, Catherina Amalia, and, with his Sovereign's consent, married her. The registry of this marriage, we read in a Rhine paper, is still to be seen at Ruggeberg. In the same year, Garibaldi took Catherina home to Ajaccio; but, fortune failing the patriot, Theodore fled before the Genoese to England, where he became the idol and butt of Walpole, who traduced his character and wrote the inscription over his monument in St. Anne's Church—bewailing the fortune which "Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread." Joseph Battista Maria Garibaldi fled from Corsica to Nice, where, after the French conquest and occupation of the island put an end to the last hopes of independence, he forgot politics and practiced as a physician. His grandson is the Dictator. Meanwhile the offences of the Bonapartes against the Garibaldis have grown in bulk and atrocity. Corsica has been made French. Nice has now been made French. The old country, the new country, are alike gone. More, the very last home of the hero is menaced.

Caprera, the lonely green rock in the Straits of Bonifacio, which he has bought with his gains and peopled with his pigs and asses, belongs to the island of Sardinia, and must follow its path should a new "recovery" of territory to France take place. Thus, the Bonapartes seem to chase the Garibaldis like an evil fate, leaving them no foot of earth on which the soles of their feet can rest in peace. Who can wonder at the Dictator's doubt, suspicion, and dislike? A romantic speculation may be allowed to close the record of these romantic facts. Theodore King of Corsica, left no lawful son. An illegitimate son, known about London streets as Colonel Frederick, a man of mark in his day, pistoled himself under one of the porches of Westminister Abbey. The title has been declared by the Corsican Parliament hereditary to Theodore's family, a near branch of which Dictator Garibaldi now represents. Thus, Garibaldi's title to the throne of Corsica is just as good as that of Louis Napoleon was a dozen years ago to the throne of France.

A COMMERCIAL VIEW OF SECESSION.

We may as well have a word about Secession as about any other improbability, so long as people make it a topic of [illegible] pects of the case in this financial column, there are three or four plain matters, which, in a business point of view, will be likely to interfere somewhat seriously with the South Carolina frolic.

1. If South Carolina has a right to secede, any other State has a similar right, or any number of other States. Suppose, then, that of the present Thirty-three in the Union, thirty-two should secede, leaving only one in the Republic. To whom would the creditors of the Government look for the payment of the National Debt? And if that single State, for instance, were New Jersey, how much money would the creditors be likely ever to get?

2. If South Carolina secedes, she annuls the right of the National Government to send its mail-bags through her Post Offices. What will business men say to this, who wish occasionally to hint to their Southern customers, by friendly reminders through the mail, that certain notes for last spring's goods are falling due?

3. If South Carolina secedes, she will cease to pay her custom-house duties. But if one State may claim this exemption, every other may. What then becomes of the national revenue? The Government will end, and trade will end with it.

4. If South Carolina has a right to secede, she has a right to secede at one time as well as at another. So has any other State. Suppose, then, the Federal Government were to pay $150,000,000 for Cuba, and were to admit the Island as a State. The new State would have a right like South Carolina to secede at any time, and might secede the very next day after she was paid for, and thus cheat the Government, by a gambler's trick, out of $150,000,000.

5. If South Carolina secedes, she necessarily carries with her the public works which stand upon her own soil. Now, what if, when the Pacific Railroad shall be built—costing the whole country uncounted sums of money—the States through whose borders it will run were to secede, and to carry out of the Union, as the handsome prize of their secession, the whole line of the Railroad, thus robbing the rest of the nation of the money which they gave to build it?

No; South Carolina has no right to secede. She will amuse herself awhile by waving Palmetto flags, and by wearing dissolution cockades, but she has not forgotten that General Jackson once sent Winfield Scott to fire a gun from Fort Moultrie, and that a single cannon ball stopped the secession. We think the present secession will not need even a blank cartridge to kill it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

HORRIBLE PICTURE OF LABOR.

LIFE IN BRITAIN—THE NEEDLE WOMEN OF LONDON.

A correspondent of the London *Times* describing one of the great mantua-making establishments in that city, communicates the following facts:

Work is commenced every morning at seven o'clock, and continued till eleven at night—a period of sixteen hours, the only intervals allowed being about ten minutes for each meal—the total of time allowed for—eating their food, I was going to say, but surely "bolting," it is the more appropriate phrase—being forty minutes per day: thus leaving fifteen hours and twenty minutes as the period devoted to work. And this, be it remembered, is not merely during the busy season, as at the West-end, but for all the year round, from January to December; for you must understand that at the establishment to which I refer the greater part of the sewing is given out to the slop-workers in the busy season—and all that is done in-doors is the original cutting out and ultimate fitting together of the separate parts; but, when the slack season comes there is always as much sewing reserved as will keep the girls of the establishment employed up to the full pitch—so that there is, in fact, no "slack season" at all for them.

And yet, for this continued and unrelenting pressure of sixteen hours' work per day, from year's end to year's end, this firm assume to themselves the greatest possible credit. They thank God that they are not as other firms are at the West-end—oppressors and destroyers of young women. They never, not even for a few weeks in the busy season, make their people sit up till three or four in the morning. Oh, no! their gas is always turned off in the work-room by eleven o'clock. Why, sir, the West-end system, with its few weeks of severity, followed as it is by months of comparative leisure, is mercy itself when viewed alongside of this unmitigated "never-ending, still beginning" slavery to which I am referring.

The only day of leisure which the girls of this establishment have is Sunday. From Monday morning to Saturday night they are as complete prisoners as any in Newgate. They know not whether the sun shines or the rain falls at that time. They are not allowed to cross the threshold even to purchase a pair of shoes or a new gown for themselves, and must employ their friends outside to do this for them.

Nor is the accommodations in-doors such as in any way to reconcile them to this close confinement. The work-room, in which ten or twelve of them are employed, is only about twelve feet square, and is entirely devoid of arrangements for ventilation, which is more to be deplored, as during the evening, they have to encounter the heat and foul air of three flaming gas burners right over their heads, every door and window being shut by which a [illegible] The bed-rooms are equally uncomfortable, so fewer than six persons being huddled into one, and four into another.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT PRINTING-PRESS IN INDIA.

When Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum, of a kind of fibrous woody substance, of various thicknesses, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made, displaying this singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper, for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which, on examination, proved to be of some size, and, to their astonishment, they found a kind of printing-press, set up in the vault, and on it movable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there; for it was evidently not of modern origin, and, from all the Major could collect, it appeared probable that the place had remained in the state in which it was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned association with a memoir, containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it, and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese had been acquainted with the mode of printing they now employ many centuries before Faust invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that, while they approached so near as to engrave in a style not to be equaled in the present age on gems and stones, and, of course, the taking of impressions from them, they should have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings upon mankind.

INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL UPON ALBUMEN.

The effect of alcohol upon albumen is the same as excess of heat—it congulates it, throws it from the liquid to the solid state, as may be at any time seen by mingling it with the white of an egg. This is one of the modes of action by which alcohol destroys life when taken in excessive quantity, or in a concentrated form. I quote the highest and most recent chemical authority to this point (Regnault's Chemistry): "Concentrated alcohol acts as deadly poison on the animal economy, and will produce death, when taken in large quantities. Injected into the veins, it produces almost sudden death, by coagulating the albumen of the blood."

Now, in the ordinary use of alcoholic drinks, there is not sufficient taken to produce this result, namely, coagulation of the vital fluids, and, consequently, death. But this affords us no warrant for assuming that the lesser quantity is neutral or inactive. It enters the blood, and circulates through the system as alcohol, retaining all its properties and powers—and just to that extent in which it is present, it must exert an unhealthy abnormal influence upon albumen. It must tend to harden and solidify it, and, therefore, powerfully operate to impede its vital transformation into fibrin, an essential step in the nutritive process.

Alcohol obstructs the nutritive and reparative functions. It has been observed by experiments, that where animals are poisoned by alcohol, the blood, after death, either remains in a fluid state, or is very imperfectly coagulated. The fibrin continues in a fluid condition, precisely as when an animal has been killed by lightning or suffocated with carbonic acid.—*Youmans' Alcohol and the Const. of Man.*

THE STUFFED CAT.

The Parisian papers tell singular stories, sometimes; and in such a style, too, that we are compelled to believe them. Here is one of them:

An old rag-picker died, recently, in Paris, in a state of most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a green-grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding-clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the woman lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a good looking young man, entered, "So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he; "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?" "I, sir! You are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better," "but everybody will tell you not marrying a poor girl like me." "Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you." Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a testimonial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed, and placed her on the tester of his bed. As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There was a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old man had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

Miscellaneous.

Bank Suspensions.—Charleston (S. C.) news of the 28th state that the State Bank of South Carolina, the bank of the State of South Carolina, and the Railroad bank, have suspended. The Planters' and Mechanics' banks will to-morrow. (29th.)

All the banks of the city of St. Louis, except the Mechanics' which withstood the pressure of 1857, suspended specie payment on the 28th.

The Espana, of Madrid, complains that the circulation of Protestant Bibles is allowed to continue.

According to judicial statistics lately printed, the police and constabulary force in England and Wales consists of 20,597 men, of which 152 are "detectives." The total cost last year was £1,466,029 1s. 10d., or £72 2s. per man.

In the law regulating the sale of ardent spirits in Nebraska is the following punishment for violation: "The Justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs and be committed to the common jail until all is paid."

It is only a quarter of a century since the first steamer crossed the ocean, and now the annual eastern and western trips of steamers connecting Europe with America are said by a New York paper to be 585 in number. We shall soon have a daily arrival.

The Prussian *Gazette* says that 400 persons have died in Southern Russia and Kieve from the puncture of a description of poisonous fly, which made its way from Asia. About 60 or 70 years ago a great number of persons died from a similar cause.

A Windfall.—A man named Joseph Burnham, who removed some years since from Middleton, in Rutland county, Vermont, to Wisconsin, has recently been discovered to be heir to an immense property in England. It seems that an agent of the English government has been over to investigate the matter, and the result is the finding of the heir, a son of the brother of the testator, by whose will the windfall comes, in the person of Mr. B. A married daughter of the fortunate man resides in Rutland. The estate amounts to the round sum [illegible],000.

A [illegible] having been made by the English to Garibaldi for permission to purchase a piece of ground to build a Protestant Church in Naples, the Dictator, with complimentary words, granted the degree.